

Charlotte Home and Democrat.

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ROBERT GIBBON, M. D.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
(Office corner 5th and Tryon Streets.)
Tenders his professional services to the public, as a practical Surgeon. Will advise, treat or operate in all the different departments of Surgery.
March 5, 1881. 1y

DR. T. C. SMITH,
Druggist and Pharmacist,
Keeps a full line of Pure Drugs and Chemicals, White Lead and Colors, Machine and Tanners' Oils, Patent Medicines, Garden seeds, and everything pertaining to the Drug business, which he will sell at low prices.
March 28, 1881.

J. P. McCombs, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls, both night and day, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite the Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1882.

JOHN E. BROWN,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office on Trade Street, opposite the Court House, No. 1, Sims & Dowd's building.
Dec 23, 1881. y

DR. M. A. BLAND,
Dentist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Office in Brown's building, opposite Charlotte Hotel.
Gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.
Feb 15, 1881.

DR. GEO. W. GRAHAM,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Practice Limited to the
EYE, EAR AND THROAT.
March 18, 1881.

DR. J. M. MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.,
All calls promptly answered day and night.
Office over Traders' National Bank—Residence opposite W. R. Myers'.
Jan. 1, 1882.

A. BURWELL. P. D. WALKER.
BURWELL & WALKER,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts, and in the office adjoining Court House.
Nov 5, 1881.

WILSON & BURWELL,
Wholesale and Retail
Druggists,
Trade Street, Charlotte, N. C.,
Have a large and complete stock of everything pertaining to the Drug Business, to which they invite the attention of all buyers both wholesale and retail.
Oct 7, 1881.

HALES & FARRIOR,
Practical Watch-dealers and Jewelers,
Charlotte, N. C.,
Keeps a full stock of handsome Jewelry, and Clocks, Spectacles, &c., which they sell at fair prices.
Repairing of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, &c., done promptly, and satisfaction assured.
Store next to Springs' corner building.
July 1, 1879.

SPRINGS & BURWELL,
Grocers and Provision Dealers,
Have always in stock Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Syrup, Macaroni, Soap, Starch, Meat, Lard, Ham, Flour, Grass Seeds, Plows, &c., which we offer to both the Wholesale and Retail trade. All are invited to try us, from the smallest to the largest buyers.
Jan 1, 1882.

J. McLAUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
College Street, Charlotte, N. C.,
Sells Groceries at lowest rates for Cash, and buys Country Produce at highest market price.
Cotton and other country Produce sold on commission and prompt returns made.
Nov 1, 1881.

TORRENCE & BAILEY,
College Street, Charlotte, N. C.,
Commission Merchants,
Handle Grain, Flour, Bran, &c. Cotton stored and sold.
Oct 7, 1881. 6m.

W. A. TRUSLOW,
Jeweler and Watch Repairer,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Respectfully announces that, having succeeded E. J. Allen, in the Watch and Jew. dry business, he has just added to his stock of
Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,
CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, &c.,
And he hopes by close attention to business and fair dealing to meet a share of patronage.
Fifty years constant experience in the WATCH REPAIRING Department enables him to fully warrant every Watch entrusted to him.
Do not forget the old stand on Tryon street, near the Square.
Oct 7, 1881. 6m.

HARRISON WATTS,
Cotton Buyer,
Corner Trade and College Sts., up Stairs,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
Oct 14, 1881.

Central Hotel Barber Shop.
GREY TOOLE, in the Basement of the Central Hotel, will carry on the Tonsorial Art in its various branches. He and his assistant Artists are so well known for their skill that it needs no multiplicity of words to inform the public where and how they can be shaved smoothly and hair cut and dressed in fashionable style and "with dispatch." Give him a trial.
GREY TOOLE.
July 29, 1881.

REMARKABLE CHAPTER IN A FAMILY HISTORY.—The Kern family had a re-union at the home of Dr. J. H. Kern, in southwestern Botetourt, during Christmas week. The Kern brothers are five in number. Mr. Henry Kern, the youngest, Dr. Lewis Kern, is in his 51st year. Of their sons and nephews, fourteen were in the army during the war—ten in the Confederate and four in the Federal army—of whom not one received the slightest wound. There has not been a death in the family, with a single exception for about fifty years.

SALE OF F
Valuable City Property.
By virtue of a Mortgage Deed executed by R. H. Brown and wife to Martin Ichmour, for certain purposes therein mentioned, and registered in the Register of Deeds in Mecklenburg county, N. C., Book 25, page 286, I will sell at the Court House door, in the city of Charlotte, on the 15th day of February, 1882, that valuable City Property located in the city of Charlotte, on Graham street, adjoining the property of T. L. Alexander and A. R. Nesbit, fronting 90 feet on Graham street, and extending back 212 feet. Good dwelling house and other improvements, and excellent well of water on the lot. Terms cash.
MARTIN ICHMOUR, Mortgagee.
Jan. 6, 1882. 5w

Notice—Sheriff's Sale.
I will sell for cash, at the Court House door, in the city of Charlotte, on Monday, the 6th day of February, 1882, to satisfy executions in my hands for State and County Taxes for the year, 1881 and 1882, the following described city property, viz: One house and lot on Trade street, adjoining the property of J. L. Brown and others, and known as the Bank House of the Merchants and Farmers National Bank.
Also, one house and lot on Tryon street, adjoining the property of Second Presbyterian Church, Ed. Henderson and others, known as the property of the Merchants and Farmers National Bank.
Also, at the same time and place, one Lot in Ward 4, Lot No 1964, Square 190, known as the City Mills, adjoining the Air Line Railway and others, known as the property of the Traders' National Bank of Charlotte.
M. E. ALEXANDER, Sheriff.
Jan. 6, 1882. 5w

Sheriff's Sale.
I will sell for cash, at the Court House door, in the city of Charlotte, on Monday, the 27th day of February, 1882, to satisfy executions in my hands, the following described Real Estate, viz: Tract of Land in Mecklenburg county, N. C., joining the lands of Mrs. M. J. Lewis, M. R. Robinson and others: Sold as the Property of W. W. Robinson.
Also, to satisfy executions in my hands, and to satisfy executed Real Estate: S. C. Johnston interest in the Tract of Land known as the McGinn Gild Mine, adjoining the lands of John Johnston, John Ewing, J. W. Wadsworth and others.
M. E. ALEXANDER, Sheriff of Mecklenburg county, N. C.
Jan. 27, 1882. 5w

Public Sale.
I will expose to Public Sale on Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1882, at my Plantation four miles South of Beattie's Pond in Mecklenburg county, N. C., of my Personal Property, to-wit: Seven No. 1 Mules, 1 Superb Saddle and Harness Horse, several head of Hogs, two Road Wagons, one Four Horse and one Two Horse, both new, with Harness and Gearing; also, 500 bushels Corn, 1,000 bushels Cotton Seed, a quantity of Fodder and Shucks, and other things. Hoes and various other articles usually kept on a Farm. Terms Cash.
Jan. 27, 1882. 2w G. S. HOUSTON.

Just Received
AT
TIDY'S CITY BOOK STORE
A well selected Stock of
WRITING PAPER,
Including Note, Letter, Sermon, Legal and Foolscap, which they propose to sell cheap for cash. Also, French Paper of every description, with Envelopes to suit. Ask your Grocer. Also, Paper in boxes, to suit the most fastidious.
SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF NEW YORK.
A standard treatise upon the laws of good society in New York.
CONGRESS TIE ENVELOPES—A new lot just received.
Edward Todd & Co.'s Celebrated
Rubber Pens.
A Pen by some considered superior to a Gold Pen.
TIDY & BRO. are also Agents for Emerson's celebrated RUBBER HAND-STAMPS; and any orders given them will receive prompt attention.
Cash paid for Rags.

A. A. GASTON,
DEALER IN
Stoves, Tin-Ware
And House Furnishing Goods,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,
He keeps the largest stock of Stoves and Tin-Ware ever offered in this market. \$100 reward will be paid to any party that ever sold a larger quantity of Tin-Ware than the "No. 34," I have sold the "Barley Sheaf" for eleven years.
Call at my Store under Central Hotel building, and examine my stock.
Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware manufactured to order, and all Repairing promptly executed.
Feb 1, 1881. A. A. GASTON.

GOOD COFFEE.
Everybody wants it, but very few get it, because most people do not know how to select coffee, or if it is spoiled in the roasting or making. To obviate these difficulties has been our study. Thurbur's package Coffees are selected by an expert who understands the art of blending various flavors. They are roasted in the most perfect manner (it is impossible to roast well in small quantities), and put in pound packages (in the future, no ground coffee) bearing our signature as a guarantee of genuineness, and each package contains the Thurbur recipe for making good Coffee. We pack two kinds, Thurbur's "No. 34," strong and pungent, Thurbur's "No. 41," mild and rich. One or the other will suit every taste. They have the three great points, good quality, honest quantity, reasonable price. Ask your Grocer for Thurbur's roasted Coffee in pound packages. "No. 34" or "No. 41." Do not be put off with any other kind—your own palate will tell you what is best.
Where persons desire it we also furnish the "Ideal" Coffee-pot, the simplest, best and cheapest coffee-pot in existence. Grocers who sell our Coffee keep them. Ask for descriptive circular.
Respectfully,
H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale Grocers and Coffee Roasters, New York.

P. S.—As the largest dealers in food products in the world, we consider it our interest to manufacture only pure and wholesome goods and pack them in a tidy and satisfactory manner. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, pure and wholesome, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where customers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is therefore to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use Thurbur's brands.
Dec 16, 1881. 5w*

Final Equality.
The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

Can Women Cook?
If yes, how is it that so very few of the many women cooks prepare an acceptable meal, while so very many of the few men cooks are artists? It may be said with strict truth that the man who makes up his mind to turn cook is sure to be a success, while the woman who chooses the same profession—it is a profession—is nearly sure to be a failure. The explanation is that the man does regard it as a profession, while the woman does not. It is a sad fact that whenever man enters into rivalry with women in what the world has always regarded as her peculiar field, cooking and dressmaking, he excels her. The best dressmakers of the world are men, just as men are by far the best cooks. Women do make a profession of dressmaking; do try their very best and work very hard, but their own sex will not encourage them. They will go to them for economy's sake, but every woman in the world lives in the hope that some day Worth will create a costume for her. It is by the treachery of women that men are their superiors in this art. But it is not so with cooking. Women have no preference for the man cook, and that is because she has not educated her tastes as man has. Women generally enjoy a beef-steak at home as heartily as they do one at Fiddie's. There would be no Fiddie's if women alone had to support him. They go there, it is true, and often, but it is more for the social pleasures of the occasion than for the cuisine. A chef, when interviewed by a reporter, told him that a cook of the first rank of course, had a larger library than an editor; that he studied medicine, agriculture, and chemistry; that by looking at a man he could say what he ate, and that if he knew what a man ate he could say what sort of a man he was without ever placing eyes upon him. This cook served long years of apprenticeship, for which he was not only paid nothing, but actually paid for instruction, just as one pays to be instructed in anything else. The man cook is proud of his business. He is honored and distinguished. The Emperor of Germany has two chefs, who are in charge each six months at a time, and who hold the rank of Colonels of infantry.
The woman cook is not proud of her profession. She is ashamed of it. Woman does not even give cooking the attention she once did, and she never allowed it to occupy much of her thoughts. In those parts of Germany where it was the custom for all the girls to go to cooking-schools, that excellent fashion is falling into disuse. The woman cook does not "read up." Out of the many thousands or millions of women cooks it is doubtful if a hundred of them open a receipt book once a month. They have no originality. They would go on boiling and stewing all the year if they could have their way, rather than fry them, because it is less troublesome. They invent nothing. They are less expensive than men cooks, but they are also less economical. What a man would save for an entree they will throw away. The woman cook thinks after while she may be something else, and she is waiting for the future. The man cook expects to remain a cook until he dies, and when he does he wants to be remembered as a good cook. His son becomes a cook after him, and triumphantly takes up his mission. Montaigne recounts a conversation he had with an Italian chef who had served in the kitchen of Cardinal Richelieu, who was famous for his love of artistic cooking.
"I made him," says the great essayist, "tell me something about his post. He gave me a lecture on the science of eating with a gravity and magisterial countenance, as if he had been determining some vexed question in theology. He deciphered to me, as it were, the distinction that exists between appetite, the means of satisfying it, and the appetite, the general police, so to speak, of his sauces and particularized their ingredients and their effects. The difference in salads according to the seasons he next discoursed upon. He explained which sort ought to be served warm and those which should be always served cold, the way of adorning and embellishing the table, and then to their seductive to the eye. All this was puffed up with rich and magnificent terms, such as are employed by statesmen and diplomats when they are discoursing over the government of an empire."
Can you imagine a woman cook talking like that? Can you imagine one not enough informed to do so? Can you not count upon your fingers with several fingers to spare, the women cooks who have encountered who cared a button for the appearance of dishes they sent to table? Have you not seen them rush a turkey or chicken into the dining-room with the legs of the poor fowl pointing in all directions, as if struck by lightning? Are not the chops always circling about the dish as if thrown from a dice box? Do they ever remove the skewers which the butcher leaves in the beef?
The "good plain cooks" whom we receive into our homes are usually sufficiently plain in all senses to satisfy every requirement. Their goodness is often, also, in many meanings, unexceptionable, but what comes to demand upon their skill in poaching an egg, or preparing the breakfast coffee, the most of them will make as sad a mess of it as they would in constructing a line in Virgil. We must make our own coffee at the table, by the aid of a French pot, murmuring blessings while in memory of the man who invented the contrivance, for of course it was a man to whom we owe it, and satisfy our longing for poached eggs with the boiled article, whose cooking we ourselves have supervised. If you imagine by these strategies to escape the ingenuity of their skill in having matters go wrong, you are liable sometimes to disappointment. There is the water for the cook to heat, and there you are still at her mercy. Failure can be accomplished even here, and she discovers the how of it. But this is leading into the servant question, and that is not to the purpose. That problem is not to be disposed of in a paragraph, when it has been discussed in pages without avail. I may say one word of it, however, and that is that in one respect, at least, we are singularly fortunate in our servants.

Trees for Delivery.
My trees are now ready for delivery, opposite Mr. Allen's residence, on Tryon street, between 5th and 6th. A fine lot of Trees, Plants, Flowers and Flower Seed on hand. Anything in my line furnished on short notice.
T. W. SPARROW,
Charlotte, N. C.
Dec. 9, 1881.

Burton's Cough Syrup will cure your Cough. Try it. 25 cents a bottle.
WILSON & BURWELL.

Death of the old Wife.
She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily laden breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she woke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bedside. He bent over his dying wife and took her hand, which he held in his.
"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.
"Yes," he answered softly; "it is growing dark."
"Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"
Poor old man—how could he answer her?—the children who had slept for long years in the old church-yard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.
"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Jane, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"
"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark? I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light. I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by light."
"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave-dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man patted her cold hands—hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and caloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and said, "She has encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promise. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone, and to the old man, and to the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand, of wedding feasts and death-bed triumphs, and when at midnight, she heard the Bridgroom's voice, and the old man bending over her cried pitifully, and the young grand-daughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining on the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often sit down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:
"Oh may I in His courts be seen,
Like young cedar, fresh and green."
But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age and pain and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was amazed by his likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly:
"You've found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon! It's our first parting in more than seventy years, but it won't be for long—it won't be for long!"
And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and when at midnight, she heard the wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Think with what small inquiry we engage them and how little we know of the antecedents of the men and women we admit into our houses as "help," and the temptations for rascality placed before them, and consider how comparatively seldom it is that the servant is guilty of any serious crime. Think what they could do if they cared to, and you must agree that, faulty as they are, they are yet honest and as a class well-behaved.
The two or three noble ladies of the time, who have been and are striving to elevate the cooking of their sex, are not forgotten. They deserve and have the highest respect, but it does not appear that their labors are having the reward they should. There are cooking schools and cooking clubs, of which one hears occasionally, but the attempt to interest women in cooking, if it progresses at all, does so slowly. Its good results are not yet very noticeable. But let us not despair.—Furney's Progress.

How Children Take Colds.—A writer (a mother) has the following sensible words on the subject of the fashionable clothing put on children, now-a-days. It is from the Rural New Yorker.
"Another mother declares that her children always have 'colds' from October until June. She dresses them daintily, in apparel both fine and costly, in sealskin coats, muffs, tippets and things of such ilk. Their frocks are worn very short, their drawers are of finest cambric, and their only 'under flannel' consists of a fine and dainty knitted shirt, so that while the upper portion of the body is well and over protected in a sealskin garment, the lower part is very shabbily clothed so far as warmth goes. The cold scurries up the poorly clad legs, which the short petticoats—handsomely embroidered—fail to protect. With the clothing of the body so unevenly distributed, it is any wonder that the children always have colds? A good woolen undergarment, out to fit the body, arms, legs and all, worn next to the skin, would do more for the welfare of the children than all the sealskin coats, feathered hats and ornamented toggery in the universe. There is something atrocious in sacrificing a child's health to finery, or in being so ignorant and careless as not to know that it is being so sacrificed."

THE MOST ALARMING SIN.—"If I were called on to point out," says Dr. Crosby, "the most alarming sins to-day—those which are most deceitful in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effect—I would not mention drunkenness with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling with its crazed victims, nor harlotry with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incur the wrath of God, and make a mockery of the Sabbath-school, or let a hindrance keep me from the prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage, and I would try it again." Here, then, was the key to this man's character. He is considered one of the best business men, one of the best citizens, one of the best officers of the Church, one of the best neighbors, fathers, husbands, friends; in a word, he is universally loved and respected. And what is the secret of it all? He always tried to do the best he could. Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will do wonders for you. It will bring out powers and capabilities which will surprise and delight yourselves and friends.

A Remarkable Experience.
Having read the story of James Rowe, the miner, who was nearly killed in an explosion at Virginia City, and who every day since the accident, has dreamed of dying, the editor of the Nevada Transcript relates a much more curious experience of his own. When a boy, ten years ago, a gun accidentally discharged sent a load of small shot tearing into his right arm. The wounds were several months in healing and ugly scars were left. A long time afterwards he was describing the accident to a party of friends when one of them picked up an empty gun and, capping it, snapped the cap. To the ears of the narrator the sound was like that of a large cannon exploding in the room. He saw a bright flash and felt the horrible sensation of being shot to atoms. He fainted and upon recovering consciousness found a physician bending over him. He felt as if he were being strangled. Examination showed that the new skin had broken and that the wounds were bleeding as freely as at the time of the accident. About a year afterwards he underwent a similar experience. As he was walking along the street he heard the report of a pistol shot. Instantly he felt what seemed to be a ball crashing into his forehead. Horror-stricken, he placed his hand to the supposed wound. Though he could find no mark upon his head blood was dripping from his fingers. He looked at the scars and found that they were bleeding afresh. Since then he has dreamed repeatedly that he was a target for riflemen practising at short range.

"Bring your Heart into your Family Circle."
We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will resist from a journey, and greet his families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by his broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness; God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the roses—the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts—ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love: Love to God, love to man.

Mr. J. H. Best not having succeeded during several seasons in raising cabbages, has struck upon the novel plan of trying their cultivation during the winter months, and so far has no cause to complain. He has now about sixteen hundred plants set out, and they look as fresh and vigorous as if planted in the spring, with leaves as large as a man's hand. During the cold snaps he covers them, and in this manner protects them from the freezing weather. If nothing happens, he will have cabbages about the usual time for setting out.—Statesville American.

Laplenders are blessed with very hearty appetites. The peasant of that country is said to consume ten times more flesh than a native of Sweden. A deer is just enough to last a family of four persons one week.

SECRET OF A GOOD HORSEMAN.
The great secret of the power of a successful horseman lies chiefly in the perfect hands with which he guides his horse and skillfully controls his slightest movement, and it is often marvelous how quickly a horse knows that he is in the hands of one whom he must obey, and how completely he falls under the control of one rider, while with another almost his first impulse is resistance, which frequently terminates in confirmed vice. This is mainly caused by the too frequent use of spurs, while if a slight switch were used a horse would never become fractious. The accomplishment of inducing a horse to go quietly and pleasantly, by means of an easy, yet firm seat, and by means of a judicious use of light and steady hands, is unfortunately, but too little valued.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the experience for them.

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